"Bim's" Final Goodbye to Daisy Markham. Page 314.


# Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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A DIP IN THE BRINY.

# Modern Life

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## ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

*(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")*

### "Bim," the King, and Daisy Markham.

I hear that the Marquess of Northampton has written a very charming letter to Daisy Markham wishing her a final good-bye, in which he points out that the revelation of his love affair will make no difference in his life-long regard for her. Up till now his Lordship has not met Daisy since the trial. Daisy has got her cheque for £50,000, and her lawyers are investing it for her. She is said to be keen on spending some of it on a yacht. Lord Northampton has been in town during the past few days, and the meeting with the King has taken place. Our readers will remember that in our issue for July 19th we pointed out that Lord Northampton was down to meet the King shortly, in order to return the insignia of the Garter which the late Marquess wore. The meeting duly took place the other day, and, by a curious coincidence, another young peer of exalted rank who has been "crossed in love" was down to go with Lord Northampton to the Palace on an exactly similar errand. Curious, wasn't it! Lord Northampton's partner in the insignia business was no other than the new Duke of Sutherland, who not many years ago came pretty near breaking his father's heart over a dusky maid from India's coral strand.

* * *

### The Young Duke of Sutherland's Romance.

Perhaps we had better not say much about that matter. The Marquess of Stafford has survived the blow and has married "the right girl" after all—for the young Duchess of Sutherland is a very graceful young lady, and was one of Queen Mary's train-bearers at the Coronation of King George. The Indian princess has also got married—and to a white man, too, though Mr. Mander isn't a Duke, nor even a Baron, but only a simple Anglo-Indian civilian!

So we will "let the dead past bury its dead!" But it must have been consoling to young Lord Northampton to find himself standing, Garter in hand, before the King in close company with a brother peer who had been through the same time-honoured mill. And the Duke had quite as rotten a time of it as Lord Northampton. His good mother was ready to slay him at one time, out of annoyance. They sent him out to Calcutta to make love to Lord Minto's pretty daughter, Lady Violet Elliot, but little Violet Elliot wasn't a patch on the dusky Pretiva of Cooch-Behar for smartness and looks. So Lady Violet married Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, the son of Lord Lansdowne, who is now a Groom-in-Waiting to the King, and in constant attendance. Lord Stafford, as the Duke was then, was popped off to England when the story got wind, and Princess Pretiva followed him to England. However, nothing came of it, and Lord Stafford eventually married Lord Lanesborough's charming daughter and—all's well that ends well. At the meeting with the King, just before the Teachers' Garden Party, the Duke met his old rival for the hand of Lord Minto's daughter at Buckingham Palace. Lord Charles Fitzmaurice's marriage to Lady Violet Elliot has turned out very happily, and they have several children. Doubtless the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Northampton compared notes afterwards; but, of course, the King said nothing about Daisy Markham!

### The Grand Duke's Rag-time Party at the Savoy.

In spite of the alleged roughness of some of the dancing this season, and the pretended "banning" of certain dances by the best people, there has been a recurrence of rag-time steps as a wind-up to the season, and some of the warmest Turkey trots seen anywhere were at the Grand Duke Alexander's affair at the Savoy. Russian grand dukes are, of course, a law unto themselves in such matters, and questions of nice deportment are not a source of trouble to them. The Grand Duke's guests numbered nearly a hundred, and a very jolly time was spent—so jolly that the Grand Duke's friends got up another dance on the same hilarious lines in thankfulness for the fun he afforded them. All the smart and inspiriting Tangos were done, and some of the ladies went hot and cold several times within the hour. Grand Duke Alexander is the Tsar's brother-in-law, and the husband of the Grand Duchess Xenie, His Imperial Majesty's only sister. She is now in London with her mother, the Dowager Empress Marie, and her daughter, Princess Irene, and they are almost every day either at Marlborough House or at Buckingham Palace The Tsar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, never comes to this country. Since he ran away with a well known St. Petersburg ballet girl he has not been countenanced anywhere, and the Tsar has never forgiven him. All his property is now under the control of the Imperial Appanage Department of the Russian court, and the Grand Duke is almost an exile, although he is still allowed to reside in Russia.

* * *

### Grand Duke Who Prefers England to His Own Country.

Grand Dukes whom the Tsar exiles are sometimes lost to Russia for ever! That certainly is the case with the Grand Duke Michael, who lives on Hampstead Heath. He has not been seen in St. Petersburg for many years, while he has become a favourite in this country, in the affairs of which he takes the keenest interest. His trouble arose over his runaway match with the lady who is now so well known in Society as Countess Torby. Their two daughters are very sporty girls, and Dame Rumour has coupled them with several well-known *partis* without being anywhere near the truth. Up till now the two young countesses have not had a romance, but they are likely ere long to marry in this country, where they were born and where they wish to spend the rest of their lives. The Grand Duke is on the best of terms with our own Royalties, and in him the Russians lost the pick of the Grand Dukes. His Imperial Highness is a familiar figure in the House of Lords "strangers' gallery" and at the tennis tournaments at Wimbledon, and is one of the best amateur players in this country.

* * *

### "Most Hospitable People in Britain."

The most indefatigable people this season have been the Londesboroughs, and I hear that an interesting announcement *re* Lady Irene Denison may be expected shortly. Now that Prince Arthur has fixed the seal to his fate, Lady Irene will probably do likewise, ere many months are over. For years past Lord and Lady Londesborough have provided Society with "the best of everything" at St. Dunstan's Lodge, in Regent's Park; but, though they have given up that fine house they continue to be the most hospitable people in Britain. Their house in Mount Street may not be so delightfully situated at Dunstans, but the spirit pervading it is the same, and that's everything.

* * *

### The Luck of the Londesboroughs.

Lord Londesborough is a little fellow, but good-natured. He has the distinction of having entertained more Royal people than any other peer in Britain. But he can afford it. He possesses in Yorkshire alone well over a hundred thousand acres of land, and whenever he feels like a walk can tramp it between Scarborough and Londesborough without leaving his own property—a nice little jaunt of thirty miles! Some of the princes whom his Lordship has entertained couldn't do that! Lady Londesborough is a tall and handsome woman, with a wealth of soft gold hair, and a skin of lily-like fairness. Nowadays King Manoel "almost lives" with the Londesboroughs—at any rate, he is never missed from their entertainments. The name of Londesborough has always been linked with princely generosity, but the late Lord Londesborough rather overdid it. He had the tipping mania in a bad form, and whenever he travelled between London and Yorkshire he simply rained sovereigns on railway porters and guards. Theatre-box attendants used to look with feverish eagerness to Lord Londesborough's attendance at the opera, and hansom-cabbies had great

Adelaide: "I hate to think of my thirtieth birthday."
Valentine: "Why, did something serious happen?"

**"Courage I Repel Adversity!"**

It appears that the King will not be going to Londesborough this autumn for the shooting, as was expected, but there is no better sport to be had with the partridges than is provided by the "Hereditary Vice-Admiral of the York-shire Coast." Lord Londesborough's coat-of-arms is an illustration of the comic side of heraldry. His motto is: "Courage I repel adversity!" There was no courage in the way his Lordship got rich however. It was sheer proficiency. The family story is short. Nearly a century ago a certain Irish peer, General Lord Conyngham, was created Marquess of Conyngham. He married the daughter of a rich banker, Mr. Denison, of Leeds. Their eldest son succeeded to the Conyngham Marquessate, and their second son was given the immense Denison wealth, and in 1850 Lord John Russell elevated Lord Albert Conyngham to the English peerage as Baron Londesborough. Their son was the first Earl of Londesborough, and father of the present.

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**The Duke of Devonshire's "Folly."**

Lord Londesborough's grandfather, Lord Albert Conyngham, bought the Londesborough Park property from George Denison, who had paid £470,000 for it. The place is an old one, and for centuries was the seat of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland, and from them it passed by marriage to the Boyles, Earls of Burlington, and thence to the Cavendishes. The old manor house was pulled down about eighty years ago by the sixth Duke of Devonshire who had the building mania, and meant to erect on the property a York-shire duplicate of Chatsworth. But, by the time the crazy Duke had finished building Chatsworth, he found that his Yorkshire show place had cost so much that he had no money left. All the family estates were in his power, as the property had not been resettled when his father died, and he sold Londesborough to George Hudson. Lady Londesborough enjoys her immense wealth all the more as in her youth she had to consider her coppers, albeit she was a daughter of one of the proudest nobles in the land, the head of a Border family of Fane, and twelfth Earl of Westmorland.

* * *

**What Follows when an American Heiress becomes "My Lady."**

When an English viscount marries an American heiress his Lordship's family may expect to "feel a draught!" Lord and Lady Maidstone, for instance. Lord Maidstone is the eldest son of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. A good-looking fellow, he married Miss Drexel, the rich daughter of Mr. Anthony Drexel, three years ago, and the young couple have managed to stick each other tolerably well. The reason for this is that Miss Drexel, albeit an American, had had such a long schooling on this side that she had imbibed the tastes and gentleness of the average lady of the British aristocracy, so that she is not only Lord Maidstone's wife, but his best friend and pal. Lady Maidstone will bring the Winchilseas an immense fortune some day, and her first cousin is the wife of Prince Miguel of Braganza.

Still, it isn't *all* roses amongst the Winchilseas, and one of the kinks in their matrimonial armour is a propensity on the part of Lady Maidstone of "bossing" everybody. The old Dowagers are very resentful, and as there are still two of them alive, besides the reigning Countess, they are an entity in the family circle. (Not many years ago there were four Countesses of Winchilsea and Nottingham alive at the same time!)

* * *

**The "Draught" Sometimes Becomes a "Breeze."**

The Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham lives at Harlech House, Merionethshire. He was born a little over sixty years ago, at his other seat, Haverholme Priory, in Lincolnshire, but he has not been seen there as a resident for thirty-five years, and recently the place was occupied by one of the Dowagers, Edith Countess of Winchilsea, the widow of the twelfth Earl. Now, it has long been the dream of Lady Maidstone (*née* Miss Margaretha Drexel) to occupy the old place her noble father-in-law has in Wales.

To do so would, of course, necessitate the retirement of the Earl and Countess from their home to some other residence, and you can't very well turn an Earl out of his ancestral hall, even if you are a millionairess, and his Lordship's daughter-in-law. But Lord and Lady Winchilsea are going! Why they are going doesn't matter. They are *going*! They are going back to old Haverholme Priory in Lincolnshire, and will leave Lady Maidstone "in possession" at Harlech. Lady Maidstone will realise her dream of being chatelaine at that historic mansion, and Lord Maidstone will have "peace." So all is well; but, as we said before, with an American heiress in the family there is always a "draught!" Sometimes it's a breeze!

# PLAIN SPEAKING.

### Clothes—and the Woman.

This is not the only country where trouble is caused by differences of opinion on the subject of wearing apparel. Not, mind you, that we wish to infer that any trouble has been caused in England by the prevailing determination of the fairer sex to make manifest the beauties which Nature has given them—except possibly in the hearts of too-susceptible beholders—for in spite of prudish bewailings we have not yet followed the example of some towns in the United States where the police have been equipped with tape measures and trigonometrical tables for calculating whether the visible expanse of unclad femininity is, or is not, within the legal limits. Neither have any of the shrieking sisterhood, in spite of their predilection for striking, yet gone on strike, like the monks of Mount Athos, because they are not allowed to wear trousers; nor, as far as we are aware, has there been more than the customary amount of striking by husbands who find that their wives' millinery and dressmaking bills seem to increase in inverse ratio with the amount of material used. But that there is a wide difference of opinion in these matters it is unnecessary to demonstrate.

* * *

### Immoral Knee-Breeches.

The latest scene of trouble is Bavaria, where great indignation has been caused by the prohibition in religious ceremonies in churches of the wearing of knee-breeches. The spiritual power has stepped in where the temporal power has feared to tread, and it is the Archbishop of Munich who is responsible for this interference with the liberty of the subject. He describes knee-breeches as "improper," and the people wearing them as "morally unworthy"—to which we can only remark that it is quite time the worthy prelate awoke to the fact that he is living in the twentieth century. When one comes to think of it, though, this action does strike a note of contrast between the state of spiritual affairs in this country and in the land where the beer comes from. Here we have parsons making strenuous efforts to beguile into their churches cyclists in their knee-breeches, boating men in their flannels, even motorists in their goggles—any sort of costume if they will only go to church. The habit of church-going is so strong that priests can afford to prohibit the wearing by the peasantry of their national costume. It isn't at all pleasant or amusing when looked at in this light.

* * *

### A Suffragist's Skirt.

But the comedy of dress—or undress—of the week hails from the States, as so many good stories do nowadays, and the protagonist is a Suffragist, which again is quite in accordance with modern practices, for these suffrage women seem to be irresistibly attracted by the limelight. Dr. Rosa Ladova, a Chicago lady doctor and prominent Suffragist, has set the local police at defiance, and earned columns of press notices, by removing the skirt which is an essential portion of the regulation bathing dress and disporting herself in Lake Michigan attired only in a blouse and bloomers. Naturally the police were shocked at a woman advertising the fact that she possessed upper limbs, and marine lifeguards (no relation to the Horse Marines!) besought her to veil the portion of her anatomy which, in Chicago, is officially non-existent. Was she down-hearted? Not a bit of it. Not even the arrival of a city policeman in a boat sufficed to convince her of the enormity of her conduct. Quite the contrary. She reared up, and delivered to the dejected lifeguards and the policeman a lengthy lecture on woman's rights (and lefts), no doubt, though the story does not say so), the owners of the lake and the water therein, and any other old topic that came into her head. Of course, in the long run

THE NEW FUEL.

"Wot's alcoho', Bill?"
"Alcohol's beer."
"Well, the paper says as 'ow they're goin' to use it to drive moters with."
"Wot! Use beer to drive moters with! Why, there ain't enough beer as it is."

**Love: A study in curves, by our tame Futurist.**

police scored, for the lady was arrested on her return to dry land. But she has certainly made the Chicago city fathers look supremely ridiculous.

* * *

### Another Faith Cure.

We do not like to jest at religious matters, but really a little story of faith-healing reported from Lancashire—Burnley, to be precise—is somewhat thin. Its authors or narrators should have paid a little more regard to the embellishing details if they expected our faith to bear the strain necessary in swallowing such a yarn. A Roman Catholic lad, so the story runs, after being almost totally blind for seventeen years as the result of an attack of measles in infancy, has had his sight completely restored after bathing in the famous St. Winefrede Well at Holywell, Flintshire. That is one miracle to be going on with, which you can believe or not as you please. But to add artistic verisimilitude to this bald and unconvincing narrative, it is related that before he left Holywell "he was able to play a game of billiards on a full-sized table"—though, curiously enough, the name of the maker of the billiard table is not given. That is what we call spoiling a good story by over-elaboration. Even if it had been semi-billiards we should continue to be sceptical.

* * *

### An Anglo-Indian on Manners.

Silly season topics with the daily newspapers seem to be coming in full time this year. After columns upon columns about the enormity of feminine dress we are now in the full swing of a fierce paper discussion on feminine manners. At least it is the manners of the athletic girl that are in question, not those of the sex as a whole—though according to Sir Thomas Holdich, the originator of all this pother, the discussion is founded on nothing, for the athletic girl has no manners at all. Anyhow the gallant warrior's speech at Princess Helena College has afforded a delightful opening for a lot of dear old early Victorian ladies for one of those typical plunges into a sea of bewailings concerning the hardness of the modern miss and the sad decay in womanly manners since the days when they were young and when a girl never went out without her mother, nor played any game more exciting than croquet. It is all very sad, no doubt, but the world will progress, and for our part we prefer the healthy, upright, athletic girl of the present day to the die-away specimen that was in vogue when Sir Thomas Holdich was young. Of course even a good thing may be overdone, but we should scarcely be inclined to accept a retired Indian official, however distinguished, as a mentor of morals and manners. Such worthy gentlemen, by reason of their experience, are apt to become infected with the Eastern view of women and women's duties and privileges. They would like to introduce the purdah and the veil to free England, and are usually the last people in the world to accept as authorities on anything connected with modern life. We imagine the athletic girl will manage to survive Sir Thomas's tirade, and that golf and hockey will lose extremely few adherents.

* * *

### Telephones Again.

During a whole week, while the telephone has ceased to trouble and our own particular "Hello girl" was at rest, we have had an opportunity of cogitating over the beauties of our national telephone system. We are not of especially impatient temperament, and we have always been inclined to make every allowance for the difficulties to be surmounted by the Post Office authorities when they took over a system which had been starved during its final months of private proprietorship. But we really do think that subscribers who pay for fifty-two weeks' service are entitled to grumble if a whole week is cut out of their term, and a constant stream of remonstrances fails to put the lagging machinery of the administration into motion. No business firm would have the impudence to charge for fifty-two weeks' work when only fifty-one are supplied. If we suspended publication for a week while our editor went to the seaside for a holiday, our advertisers would refuse, politely but quite decidedly, to pay for their notices which did not appear. Why should telephones be different? We believe a good deal of the trouble is caused because the telephone people imagine that subscribers only join out of "swagger," and to get their names inserted in the directory.

* * *

### Overcrowded Trains.

Now that the holiday season is in full swing attention is being drawn once more to the overcrowded state of the trains going to popular resorts. Nor is it only holiday traffic which suffers from this evil, for a case in the Shoreditch Coroner's Court last week made manifest the utter indifference of the railway companies to the comfort of their patrons. A City clerk yielded up his seat to a lady who entered an overcrowded compartment, and while standing up the carriage-door flew open, he fell out and was killed. The attitude of the railway company was that it is impossible to prevent people overcrowding a compartment. Theoretically we believe, a passenger has a right to protest against the entry of more than the legal number of passengers to the compartment he happens to occupy, but firm protests are rarely made, for fairly obvious reasons. There is no reason whatever why the legal number should not be insisted upon on railways just as it is on tramcars. At least, no valid reason.

But it is a practice which will continue exactly as long as the public will put up with it, because it pays the companies to carry as many passengers as possible in one compartment and one train. They should be compelled to provide seats for every passenger, and to use a little discretion in catering for "rush" traffic. The fact is, some of our railways are hopelessly antiquated in their ideas, and often run their business in a way that would quickly send an ordinary firm into the Bankruptcy Court.

* * *

**Two Sorts of Suffragists.**

It was perhaps more than a coincidence that the orderly and somewhat impressive demonstration of the Suffragist Pilgrims in Hyde Park last Saturday should be immediately followed, on Sunday, by a particularly wild exhibition by the Militants under the leadership of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst. The wild scenes which accompanied the raid upon Downing Street look remarkably like an effort to show that the successful parade of the "Law Abiders" had *not* put the Militants' noses out of joint. There was no other reason why the raid should have taken place on that particular Sunday, any more than on any other Sunday in the year, and we are justified in concluding that the Militants grudged a share of the limelight to the non-termagants, and acted accordingly. Indeed, the whole business was so carefully stage-managed and arranged beforehand that there is no other explanation. What we fail to understand is how the W.S.P.U. can possibly imagine that public or politicians will be impressed by such an exhibition of petty jealousy, which only goes to prove that—as we have said before—it is not the vote that they are after, but only the empty notoriety which comes from their way of demanding it.

# SOCIETY QUERIES.

Why Queen Mary did not go with the King to Goodwood? And whether the split amongst the Lennox-Gordons had anything to do with it?

* * *

Whether the end of the season has not left some troublous problems for the débutantes and their mothers, and whether Lady Huntingdon quite knows which of her daughters the young Viscount wants to marry, if either?

* * *

Whether "Bishop" Mathew is likely to get that large donation towards his new creed which he expects from the rich widow who is in love with him? And whether his "Lordship's" get up is not the "last word" in ecclesiastical smartness?

* * *

Whether Lord Ronaldshay's dream of being Viceroy of India is likely to be realised when Lord Hardinge comes home for good?

* * *

Whether Prince Arthur is allowed to do any love-making with his young Duchess, and whether Princess Pat will now "make up her mind"?

* * *

Whether the Dowager Lady Belhaven and Stenton has realised her hope of getting off another of her daughters since Miss May Hamilton married the elderly Lord Hemphill?

* * *

Whether some of Mr. Asquith's peers have decided that a coronet is a very empty head-gear in *real* Society?

**"My dear, no fewer than four men got up to offer me their seats in the train to-day!"**
**"And did you take them?"**

# OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

## AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

That strenuous efforts are at present being made to hush up a particularly sordid card scandal in connection with a crack West Country line regiment.

* * *

That the consistent good fortune of two officers of the regiment, when they cut together at bridge, led to the detection of a sort of Morse Code system of signals, arranged by means of tapping with the fingers and sometimes cigarette holders upon the table.

* * *

That it is extremely unlikely that the two "gentlemen" in question will carry out their threat of taking the matter into court. And that, in the meantime, several of their fellow messmen are filled with a most unholy thirst for their blood.

* *

Is the actor who goes so often to the rooms of the beauty specialist in Bond Street having anything else done except the remodelling of his eyebrows? And would his father, who manufactures lamps, like a little light thrown on his one and only's doings in the gay city.

*

Does the wife of the wealthy stockbroker who is making herself conspicuous with a certain handsome boatman at Dawlish, know all that is being said about her? And would she care if she did know? Why is she so foolish as to spend her money on such an impossible man, and might she not be surprised one of these days to find her somewhat patient husband awaiting her return from one of those mysterious trips in the pretty boat with the striking red sail?

*

Politicians are wondering where the Cabinet Minister got those links, and whether they don't show excellent feminine taste. If it is not a fact that they are one of the happiest memories of his life, and whether he doesn't long for things to be cast in other channels? Well, it's the light and shade of life that make the interest. The happiest moments are paid for by an equal period of pain. May be more so in the lives of Cabinet ministers.

* *

What is the Countess thinking of herself now! Was she ever foolish enough to take seriously *all* the dashing aviator said? What will she do in the circumstances, and isn't she wishing her husband somewhere just now?

* * *

Why does the old gentlemen change his walking stick from the right to the left hand precisely when he is passing the window of the little flat in Maida Vale? And what is the nature of the signalling that goes on by means of candles in the window at certain times?

* * *

Who is the ambitious young journalist who has eloped with the pretty wife of a Labour M.P.? Why has the latter given out that she is on a visit to relations in Stockport, and how long does he imagine the story will wash?

* * *

Who was the handsome young guardsman who made such a *faux pas* at the fashionable Bournemouth hotel? It was the young lady surprised to wake up and discover him beginning to undress in her bedroom, and did he leave precipitately before breakfast the next morning?

**"That romantic Miss Passy says there is a secret connected with her birth."**
**"So I've heard. It's the date."**

Who is the man, once in the Army, and now residing near Oxford Street, who borrowed money from three girls on worthless cheques, and who only laughed sarcastically when a certain man told him what he thought of him. Hasn't the same gentleman been requested to resign from two clubs on account of his crookedness in matters financial?

* * *

What would the barrister say if he knew that his somewhat prominent daughter was seen last week at Trouville accepting money from a Jew whom she met for the first time at the Casino. And will the little woman with the abundant head of hair keep the vow she made to "let him know all about it within twenty-four hours?"

* * *

Who is the lady, undoubtedly of prepossessing appearance, who is taking Sea View in the Isle of Wight by storm? What will her bill amount to when she thinks about settling with the manicurist at Ryde? Are her pretty feet the centre of attraction, and does she intend to adopt the abbreviated skirts for all occasions? "Well, an' wha' be there t' see 'ere?" said a man from the midlands who was down on a day excursion last week. "My dear fellow," replied a native of the place, "there's Miss —, she's a woman 'tween twenty and twenty-five who walks about with skirts well above the knees!" Later in the day the man from the midlands found himself longing for an extension of ticket.

* *

Originality is everything, of course. As a woman once said, "You may as well be dead as ordinary." Therefore this strenuousness on the part of woman to be original. It is no exaggeration to say that things not infrequently border on the insane. Apparently the latest is to go in for colour schemes in one's bedroom. For instance, black wallpaper and white furniture with crimson bedfittings or what not. What about the high born lady who lives in Dublin, and who a few weeks ago received her friends—both sexes, mind—in her bedroom, and much to their surprise sat up in bed attired in a black satin nighty which stood out in bold contrast to the prettily worked sheets and fancy pillowcases? She need no longer worry that she won't be talked about. Quite a lot is being said. Her woman friends are seeing to that.

* * *

Who is the South London parson who was once described by a friend as the most "majestic shifter of whiskies and sodas" he had ever met.

* * *

Who is the politician known in Society as the "Moth"? Has the name anything to do with a somewhat charming creole whose footsteps, for reasons best known to himself, he has dogged for some considerable time? Is she referred to as "The Flame"? And what does this old roué's wife think of it all? Undoubtedly she knows. Her friends have seen to *that*.

* * *

Why was the Army Service Corps major black-balled for the Naval and Military club?

* * *

Is it wise to address a soldier of the Bedfordshire Regiment as "Hullo, you peacemaker"?

# CAUGHT BENDING.

I have not the slightest wish to be uncharitable towards George Henry Parker, but in a mental review of all the mean men with whom it has been my misfortune to own acquaintance George Henry Parker appears to be standing tip-toe with his neck stretched.

When I told Parker that I had serious intentions of asking Madge Goodwin to be my wife he eased himself of an exasperating snigger.

"Anything humorous in the idea?" I inquired.

"Not so much humorous as lamentable," he replied, putting on a look indicative of commiseration.

With an altogether proper amount of dignity I asked for an explanation.

"You're not smart enough for old Goodwin, for one thing," he said, "but what punctures your tyre more than anything else is the fact that I'm going to make Madge Mrs. Parker."

"Neither Madge nor her father would, I imagine, be misled by mere surface cunning," I told him. "Mr. Goodwin is a business man, a sidesman at St. James's, with the prospect next church meeting of becoming Vicar's warden; he is the personification of solid respectability, and, as such, is naturally attracted by the solidly respectable."

"You take it from me," Parker laughed, "old Goodwin, as a business man, isn't out collecting fossils to decorate his table at family parties. Anyway, Madge is a jolly nice little girl, and I'm going to marry her. Come and have a drink, or does the solidly respectable draw in its horns at Scotch and soda?"

I'll pay George Henry Parker the compliment of admitting he was quite fair and above-board in his proposal that we should both play our hands for what they were worth.

"Let's have a straight fight," he said. "You may quote the poet johnnies to Madge, drop your stray shillings into Mrs. Goodwin's missionary-box, and discuss church architecture with the old man as much as you jolly well like, but you'll find yourself the length of a street behind at the finish. Mid-Victorian methods of courtship are stale pastry to-day, I can assure you."

"Very well, Parker," I replied. "I admire your recognition of Madge's beauty and worth as much as I dislike your cocksure style. Try your up-to-date hustle and trickery, buy her candy and chocolates by the cargo, tell the old man, as you call him, after-dinner tales till you're blue in the face; as a prophet, I'm going to prove you a dead failure."

That was the beginning of our duel for the honour of escorting an orange-blossomed and blushing Madge Goodwin from St. James's Church, what time a small crowd of bystanders would hurl granular emblems of congratulation with a vim that served to make a smiling face, for the time at all events, the very limit of hypocrisy.

Parker favoured Tuesday evenings for calling round at the Goodwin's place. I passed the house as he was leaving one night and took courage from the fact that Goodwin himself, and not Madge, accompanied him to the door. The old man was pulling away at a doubtful five-a-shilling looking cigar, a present from the guileful Parker, who, characteristically, had decorated it with a red and gold Havana band. He stopped on the top step whilst my rival retailed one of his smoke-room yarns, and laughed in a manner quite unbecoming in a prospective churchwarden.

Thursday was my night. Madge invariably munched chocolate almonds as I did my best to explain the obscurities of Browning. Her father, whenever the ladies were out of the room, made a practice of getting off a much bowdlerised version of one of Parker's chestnuts. It was the merest shell of a story. The blue-point was always sacrificed on the altar of the sidesman's self-respect. I tinkled my weekly shilling into the missionary-box to the accompaniment of Mrs. Goodwin's thanks and beams of satisfaction at the prospect of another coloured gentleman being made miserable by a pair of white cotton thigh screens. Taken altogether, my progress was decidedly encouraging.

"And how is the 'solidly respectable' getting along?" asked Parker, in the city one morning, as he jerked his thumb towards the S.-W. suburb in which the Goodwins had abode.

"Referring to myself?"

Parker nodded.

"Bluff and chicanery will surely get left," I told him.

"Taking your holiday soon?" he asked casually.

"Starting next week, probably."

"Shrimpville by any chance?"

"It might be."

"Cute man," chuckled Parker. "I'm thinking of a fortnight in Paris. You'll get a clear field for a time, you see. The Goodwins are off to Shrimpville, eh?"

"I believe they are," I said. "Madge will miss the chocolates."

"Hope she'll appreciate poetry as a substitute," he grinned, as he strolled off whistling "When we are married."

I arrived at Shrimpville three days after the Goodwin family. The first morning there I was nearly indiscreet enough to meet Madge face to face as she was making her way in a dripping costume to a canvas bathing hut on the beach. Every inch of me turned to goose-flesh at the narrow escape.

"Would Juliet have favoured Romeo with the glad eye had that sentimental youth met her wearing a rubber bathing guard?" I wondered. "And supposing Antony had barged into Cleopatra when that lady's dress clung with quite too modest tightness, and her feet showed traces of Nile mud?"

As it was I had the presence of mind to dodge behind an obese gentleman and from the friendly shelter of about fifteen stone seven of providential humanity, enjoyed a brief view of Miss Goodwin disappearing into her hut.

Then it was that I caught sight of a figure which seemed strangely familiar. Ten yards nearer Madge's bathing hut, standing back to me, was George Henry Parker!

By the time I had partly recovered from the shock of recognition Parker was making his way in the direction of the tent. I followed. Apparently he had not caught sight of me. He stopped by the side of the hut evidently amused by a bulge in the canvas. Miss Goodwin was probably engaged in donning her hosiery, and seeking some support in the operation, part of her form had become outlined with some prominence.

At that moment all that was evil in George Henry Parker's nature came to the front. Before I could remonstrate by word or action he had given that bulge two hard, resounding slaps and was doing even time to hide himself in the crowd listening to the nigger minstrels!

The next thing I remembered clearly was the virtuous indignant face of Madge Goodwin looking out from the flap of the tent.

"Thank you," she said, with a sarcasm that might have been making a long stay in a refrigerator. "My father will no doubt return your attentions in kind!"

I saw the Goodwin family on the front in the afternoon. As the old gentleman carried a thick ash stick and a look of murderous determination I diplomatically boarded a train with a haste engendered by the knowledge that sticks are occasionally more speedy than explanations.

As the 5.30 from Shrimpville to town was leaving the station that evening George Henry Parker put his head in at my carriage window.

"Altered my mind about Paris," he grinned. "You're to have a very short stay. I fancy old Goodwin wants to see you. I've just fixed up matters with Madge. Ta-ta, old man."

---

Mrs. Ponsonby-Tompkins, entering the local butcher's shop. "A leg of mutton to-day, please! And mind that you cut it from a black sheep. I've just lost my husband, and we're in mourning."

* * *

No man was there by the sea—
Alas and alack!
As far as her eye could see
No man was there by the sea
To kneel at her shrine with a plea;
Fate kept him from crossing her track!
No man was there by the sea—
A lass and a lack!

* * *

Sweet Girl: I am loved by two men, and I cannot make up my mind which to marry. What would you advise?

Old Lady: Get both to insure their lives in your favour and then wait until one of them dies. That will insure the constancy of the other.

* * *

"Men are really too mean for anything!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"Why, I asked John for a motor-car to-day, and he said that I must be contented with the splendid carriage Nature has given me!"

* * *

Judge: You said the defendant turned and whistled to a dog. What followed?

Witness: The dog.

# OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

PROMPT ACTION NECESSARY.

The Doctor: Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once.

His Wife: What is the matter with the boy?

The Doctor: I don't know, but Mrs. Brown has a book called "What To Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it.

* * *

ITS INTERPRETATION.

"Oh, I had such a wonderful dream last night!" said the innocent young heiress, crossing the Gipsy fortune-teller's wrinkled palm with silver. "I dreamed I saw a sweet little cupid coming toward me through the snow. He was dressed oddly, for he wore nothing but a silk hat and a linen duster trimmed with fur; and he seemed very hungry, for every now and then he made a snowball and ate it. Tell me, good dame, what my dream portends!"

"My poor child!" answered the seeress, "try to bear the awful truth—you will marry an actor. There is no other possible interpretation of such a dream!"

* * *

HER BLAME.

Mrs. Crabshaw: Why didn't you tell me before I married you that you were never home before midnight?

Crabshaw: I thought you knew it, my dear. I used to be beyond to your place as late as that nearly every night.

* * *

He is a popular but very unconventional South London person. Recently he had to visit a prison, and got into conversation with an old lag. He noticed that the man kept edging close up to him and peering into his face. He remonstrated. "Beg pardon, sir," said the old reprobate, "didn't mean no 'arm. It's your bootiful breath, sir. I ain't 'ad smell o' whiskey for six months."

* * *

A certain general is noted for the luridness of his language. Recently he took over command of an Indian district. A visitor passing through enquired whether General —— had arrived. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "He swore himself yesterday."

* * *

"Why am I gloomy?" demanded the undesirable admirer, to whom she had given the cut direct. "Isn't it enough to be cut by one he loves best?"

"The idea!" exclaimed the heartless one. "I didn't even know that you shaved yourself."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

* * *

FOR HIS ENTERTAINMENT.

"What's daughter doing?"

"Making shrimp salad."

"I didn't know we had any shrimp in the house."

"We haven't, but there is one coming to call on her this evening, I expect."—*Houston Post.*

SCORN.

**Immigrant: "It ye be not more careful I shall 'ave to punch yer face, I shall."**

**Native: "Orl right, Pommey, but mind yer, if yer do, an' I get to 'ear of it, I'll kill yer."**—*Sydney Bulletin.*

SERIALS.

Silas Haycock was standing in front of a modern sky-scraper. "Land sakes!" he snickered. "Thar's some of them continued stories I've heeard so much erbout."—*Judge.*

* * *

AN ENDEARING ACT.

Wife (pleadingly): I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, not as well as you used to.

Husband: Why?

Wife: Because you always let me get up to light the fire now.

Husband: Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.—*New York Call.*

* * *

THE MODERN LOVER.

Her Father (sternly): Young man, can you support my daughter in the style she's been accustomed to?

Lover (briskly): I can, but I'd be ashamed to.—*Life.*

* * *

Gabe: He claims he is a descendant from a great family.

Steve: Yes, and he is still descending.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * *

HIS YEARN.

"Well, Claude," inquired the county clerk, addressing a young negro who had percolated into the office and stood nervously jiggering his hat in both hands, "what can I do for you?"

"W'y—w'y, sah, I wants—dat is, if yo' 'scusably please, sah—wants to get a—a license to practice mat'imony, sah."—*Judge.*

* *

THE ONLY NEW THING.

"Oh, Mrs. Meyer, how do you do? It's an age since I've seen you! Anything new with you?"

"Only my husband."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

* *

SHE DID NOT SCARE HIM OFF.

Jealous One: So you screamed when Jack tried to kiss you?

Other One: I did nothing of the kind!

Jealous One: But I heard you.

Other One: Oh, that was not until after he had kissed me.—*Illinois Siren.*

"Oh, look at that sailor with all his kids!"

"Yes. Evidently he is taking them along to drown them. No wonder!"—*Le Sourire.*

# THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

## AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Whether the American athlete, Mr. Maurice Rock, who has been offering his blood for the purpose of transfusion at the rate of twenty dollars a quart, has at length proved that it is possible to get blood out of a stone.

* * *

Whether the lady who hid her husband's wooden leg to prevent him leaving the State of Illinois until divorce suit papers had been served upon him was lim(b)iting his means of locomotion, and whether he made any attempt to stand upon his dignity?

* * *

Whether the two Gopher frogs just presented to the Zoo wear frills?

* * *

Whether, in these days of feminine "undress," we may be said to be living under petticoat government?

* * *

The names of the ladies who attended a performance of the French revue, "J'Adore Ca," wearing masks, and whether the latter were provided for the purpose of hiding their blushes?

* *

Whether it is waste of time to tell a really artistic liar that truth is stranger than fiction?

* *

Whether Mlle. Gaby Deslys has just insured her jewels for the mere trifle of £20,000, and who was the donor of the single string of pearls reported to have cost something like £11,000?

* *

Whether the nice little sum which Miss Phyllis Dare had upon Bachelor's Hope may be described as a "spinster's hope," and whether her other ventures under the same heading will turn out as successfully?

* * *

Whether the charming actress, Miss Hilda Spong, will be in her element when playing the rôle of heroine in "Trelawney of the Wells," and whether her capacity for "soaking" is limited?

* * *

If it is true that lady pencillers on race-courses are to be firmly "ruled out"?

* * *

The name of the eccentric scientific gentleman who attended one of his own daughter's evening receptions in a rather shabby suit of ordinary morning clothes, and the nature of his surprise when the servants of the house, unaware of his identity, refused to admit him?

* * *

Whether the slit skirt is offering unlimited opportunity for stocking decoration, and whether the garters now being worn are not of an exceptionally gorgeous and daring nature?

* * *

The origin of the peculiar tattoo mark on the wrist of Mrs. George West—now Lady Randolph once more—which she is always so careful to keep covered with a broad gold bracelet?

GIRLS WE KNOW.—"The-Get-out-for-a-stroll Girl."

Whether the "Modern Venus" is something more barefaced?

* * *

Whether Mrs. Atherton is enjoying her stay at Sand which place must, of course, have unusually binding sociations for her? Whether it is true that she has heard to express the opinion that, so far, the mas element has proved exceptionally "tame" this year

* * *

What is the exact nature of the amusing story at sent going the rounds concerning Lady Jane Cec and the sugar basin at the Earl's Court Welcome Cl

* * *

Whether the latest "pistol pockets" for women w utilised for a very harmless sort of powder?

* * *

Whether there is any truth in the report that a c influential and high-born curio dealer has designs the lovely bits of 15th and 16th century English recently unearthed in the cupboard of a lumber roo Windsor Castle, and which Princess Mary has a priated for her new rooms at Buckingham Palace? whether the Princess has not taken far too great a to them to part with them?

* * *

Whether have decided to the waistcoat braces as being most appropriate stitute for the sers?

*

Whether the M can is as slack in "habits" as is monly supposed?

*

The identity of bored-looking who was seen *foyer* of the Alh wearing a light dress suit ornam with pearl but and an elaborate ver fob? How hours of anx thought he spent planning out weird-looking co tion, and whether proved as effectu he had anticipate

*

Whether the book by Vi Cross, to be publ later on in autumn, will be to serve as a substitute for

on a chilly November day?

* * *

Whether, after all, the Suffies are only a vulgar tion of womankind?

* * *

Whether Mme. Pavlova will invent a new dan illustrate her sensations while flying with Mr. Louis on a biplane at Hendon?

* * *

Whether Mr. Wills has yet found a satisfactory to the question of "What is a platonic kiss"?

* * *

Whether the working girl who sued her sweetheart jilting her when she lost an arm in a railway ac turned out to be so very 'armless after all?

* * *

Why it is that some girls never succeed in "goin in spite of a plentiful supply of powder?

* * *

Whether a knowledge of scales is essential for cessful performance of the new Fish Dance, and it will be especially popular among flappers?

* * *

Whether the sins of omission are those we fo commit?

…*le dernier cri* in feminine … sanctions *un ventre*, and … will be a relief to certain … adies to learn that one has no … to be ashamed of one's "little …"?

* *

Whether the tennis parties given by …e Duchess of Westminster at Ham …ouse were particularly characterised … the excellence of the sandwiches …rovided?

* *

…ether the poetic effusions which … Hiram Maxim is said to have been …ring out have "missed fire"?

* *

…t would not be advisable … our Suffragette leaders to …ternate addresses printed upon …visiting cards, with hints as to …probable periods when they will be … or "out"?

* *

…e identity of the good-looking … an, who, when he received a … a friend saying that his wife … a decree nisi, cried out, … Drinks all round!" In … mind the story of the girl … and eight years later … of her old lover with her … We can picture her with … eyes and thankful heart, … well-known words of … of old, "Father, I thank … presume she meant from … saved her.

* *

Whether the society mother with the …own-up daughter fancies herself in …-necked dresses for day wear. If her creed is that …begins where beauty ends"? Also what about … dress she wore last week. "I just saw a … as a wet week, but infinitely more interesting," … remark of one of her guests.

* * *

…u the Captain intends to return to his wife, if at … and whether he could have been quite sober when he … that remark about her figure? Why he can't play … game, seeing that it was her money that set him up, … has kept him going ever since?

* * *

That those in high places, so far as the Suffrage move… … is concerned, are absolutely distressed at the way … secrets get into the hands of the press. That a trap … being set for the "traitor," and that her life won't be … living should her identity be proved.

* * *

Whether the woman who wrote that infamous letter to … husband, "just to see what he would do," didn't de… … a good thrashing, administered in the good old… … way? And whether she oughtn't to thank her … stars she's got such a husband to deal with? We … she has learnt her lesson.

* * *

… pretty daughter of the Irish peer is so obstre… … Is she proving the power of heredity? And … her anxious father wouldn't give something to … safely settled?

* * *

…t the celebrated writer thought when he received … bar of soap through the post the other day? Also … much he would give to find out the name of the … Whether the idea really had birth in a little … in St. John's Wood, and whether the actual sender … a pretty little Irish woman known to her intimates … Saucy Sally."

* * *

… young lady entered a music-shop in Bond Street the … day, and, smiling sweetly on the polite assistant … the counter, proceeded to enquire whether he had

**"So she has taken another husband!"**
**"Not as she considers it. The others were only samples."**

"Brown Eyes." He blushed deeply, stammered a little, and then murmured shyly that he had. Seeing his embarrassment, the fair one, just like her sex, proceeded with the command to "serve her quickly, and not begin any nonsense, as she was in a desperate hurry."

* * *

Overheard in the dressing room: "He's invited me out to supper. You know him, don't you? What sort of a chap is he?" "Oh, he's the sort of feller who'll give you an eighteenpenny supper in a Soho restaurant private room, and half a bottle of gooseberry, and then want to rehearse 'Sapho.'" Another engagement off.

* * *

Whether victims of the Suffragette arson outrages have been at all "put out" lately?

* * *

Whether Mr. Eric Loder will obey the order of the Court and return to Gabrielle Ray? And whether the rest of the Loders have been very nice to the pretty actress since she took their name?

* * *

Whether the *petite* little actress who makes her headquarters at a boarding house in Bayswater isn't possessed of all the cuteness for which her nation has become famous? Whether Dr. B—— knows who she really is, and whether he would feel flattered if he knew that his affections were shared by a Chinese resident in London? Why he is so stupid as not to grasp the meaning of all that goes on around him? and above all, where are all the traditional boarding-house cats?

* * *

That a great many of his ffiends would dearly like to know where the dashing old sea captain had that telescope made? What did it cost him, and doesn't he now fancy himself "no end of a gay old dog"? Will he ever lend it out, or make a small charge for his friends to have a "peep" from the window in the tower? Splendid house that, and no end of a good idea that turret window. What would the ladies say if they knew that the bearded old sea dog knew as much as he does? And wasn't it sailing very near the window when a voice in the smoking room of the Yacht club said "Ask old Sammy. He knows the shape of every bathing woman in the place!" Oh, these sailors!

# TABLOID TOPICS.

The Rand miners have decided to strike on scientific lines. Last summer we had one on Railway lines.

* * *

More great thoughts from the doctors in conclave at Brighton: "Keep your hair on if you don't want it to come off."

* * *

While there are laws against artificial colouring for foodstuffs, it is an open season for artificially coloured complexions.

* * *

"The Admiralty Arch," we read in a contemporary. We may expect to learn next that the War Office is coy, or the L.G.B. saucy.

* * *

A six-year-old boy at Birmingham made a meal off seven frogs. He is happily recovering, but, as a juvenile friend remarked, "he might have croaked."

* * *

A middle white sow at Southampton has had nineteen pigs in one litter, says a news par. A really white lady pig would surely have endeavoured to go one better in its score.

* * *

Two Battersea ladies recently had a little difference of opinion, and one tore every article of clothing off the other. Rather a cool way of clinching an argument, we should have thought.

* * *

According to Prof. C. B. Davenport, of the University of Missouri, red-haired persons of opposite sex have an antipathy for each other. Well, naturally, there's trouble when they both see red.

* * *

A defendant who complained at the Shoreditch County Court of his wife's extravagance was advised by the Judge to change her. It sounds simple enough, but the market for second-hand wives is so limited.

* * *

A Walthamstow window-cleaner has recovered £4 as compensation for a dog-bite received when coming down a ladder. The hungry animal who bestowed this aerial mark of dissatisfaction was doubtless a Skye terrier.

* * *

The Mayor of Cambridge is faced with a terrible alternative. He either gets a wife or the chuck, threaten the Woman's Homestead Association, who can't abide bachelors. To them a mayor's nest is a highly desirable object.

* * *

A New Jersey girl deposited a pair of corsets with a bank clerk as security for the loan of her railway fare home. But there is nothing strange about this. "Bearer bonds" are always considered good security for a figure near par.

* * *

"Making the deaf hear. Re-education of the ear by tickling," runs a news headline. No doubt the process will be applied by a dumb man. If he could not manage to deal with all the deaf people he could certainly gest-tickle-eight.

* * *

A new method of crime detection in France traces the impressions of the pores, or the orifices of the sweat ducts of the fingers, instead of the ridges, as in finger-prints. More than ever, now, it will be a case of "Honest sweat qui mal y pense."

* * *

A Chiswick man, who is proudly exhibiting his twenty-ninth child at a local baby show, is described by the paragraphists as a general builder and undertaker. He has apparently undertaken the task of building up the Empire by providing population.

* * *

The *Daily Express* is responsible for an appalling announcement as to the new fashions in skirts. They are to be tighter than ever, with pockets on the hips, and "a space the shape of a large inverted V open at the bottom." Help! Oh County Council. Help!

* * *

"A dormitory on a roof may be seen at Crouch End High School, where a dozen girls are enjoying the experience of sleeping in the open," says the *Evening News*, also the *Daily Mail*. We fear Lord Northcliffe's young men were misinformed. A Crouch End nut, who hopefully called at the school one evening last week, was sternly refused permission to view this interesting sight.

# WIT AND WISDOM.

More than a brave cook is needed to make a rabbit qu

* * *

Well-groomed men may lack horse sense.

* * *

Poverty keeps lots of us from making fools of oursel

* * *

"Misers," said the barber, "are men who use safety razor

* * *

It's easier to invent a windmill than it is to raise the wi

* * *

Orthodoxy on one side of the fence may be heresy on t other side.

* * *

Most of us would accept the burden of enough wealth draw down a big income tax.

* * *

The woman who marries a man to reform him has no ti to waste improving her complexion.

* * *

The tailor-made girl is said to be going out of fashi But the ready-made girl is plenty good enough.

* * *

Too many quarrels are picked before they are ripe.

* * *

When a guest boasts of his honesty, keep an eye on y spoons.

* * *

Time is money, but it is easier to make up lost time th lost money.

* * *

Blessed be the man who is in a hurry; he never tell his troubles.

* * *

Many a woman regrets that she didn't change her before she changed her name.

* * *

It is well to be able to talk but there are times when is more valuable.

* * *

A woman's will is mostly codicils.

* * *

Nearly every man and woman you meet is lo sympathy.

* * *

A man who is too lazy to earn a living may get a ma license and annex one.

* * *

Nearly every woman who has been a wife for at least t years is willing to bet that the devil is a married man.

* * *

To start things coming your way go after them.

* * *

It's easy to fool the man who thinks he knows it all.

* * *

Fortunately for the summer girl the hammock cannot

* * *

The vagrant straw hat shows which way the wind blow

* * *

Too many people spend to-day what they hope to e to-morrow.

* * *

Men are just as sympathetic as women, but they ha the knack of showing it.

* * *

It was feminine curiosity that led to the discovery of in the bulrushes.

* * *

All the world ceases to love a lover when called u buy wedding presents for him.

* * *

It's impossible for a man to love his neighbour as hi if that neighbour is an amateur cornet player.

* * *

The average married woman is convinced that her is the easiest thing in the world to find fault with hardest to reform.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

**The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories 1,500 words in length; also short pungent topical (non-poli articles not exceeding 1,500 words. Stamps should be sen return postage if unsuitable.**

"The Mayor"
(Councillor Lewis Hall)

Billie Watt
(The Bull Hotel)

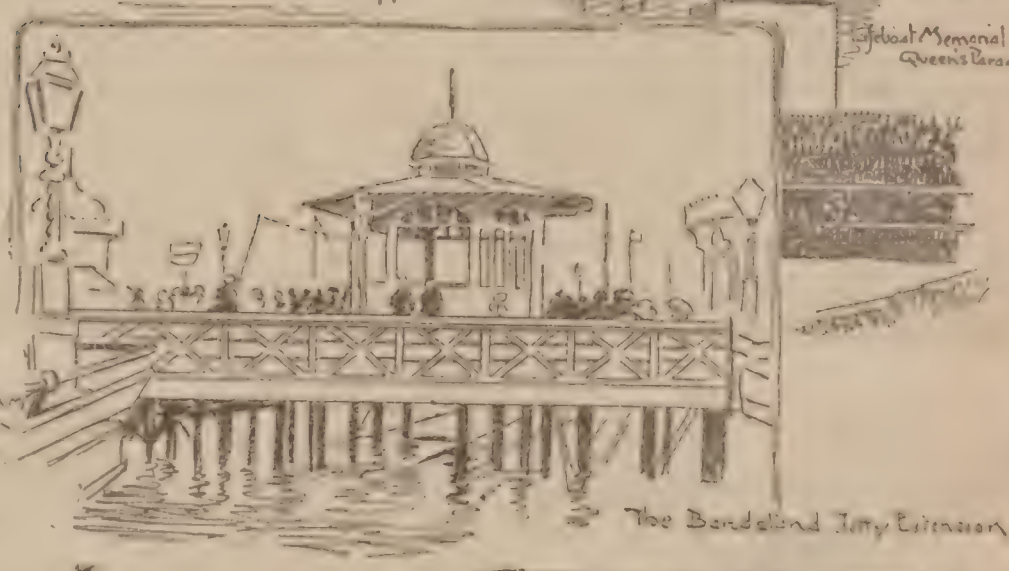
Mr James Mayall
The courteous stage manager of the Hippodrome

Miss Marie Lloyd
at the Hippodrome

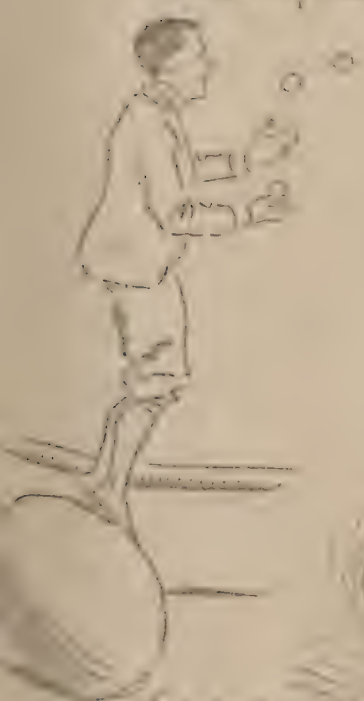
Professor Phillip Sanger
Leader of the Communication Orchestra

A favorite with
the children at Lord George Sanger's
(The trimp-mouth of his circus)

Lifeboat Memorial
Queen's Parade



The Bandstand Jetty Extension



"The Star at the Winter Gardens
Kerekjarto

A nice drive out from Margate
North Foreland Lighthouse

MODERN LIFE AT THE SEASIDE.—No. 6; MARGATE.

# IN STAGELAND.

A mutual friend informs me that Miss Beatrice Terry is on her way home from Australia, and has accepted by cable an offer to appear in a brilliant little playlet with a fine duel scene in which she, as heroine, impersonates a wastrel brother who will not fight. This sounds unusually promising, and it is to be hoped that it will be sufficiently successful to enable Miss Terry to consider more frequent appearances in London. The sketch above mentioned will, in all probability, be seen at the Coliseum.

* * *

The theatrical season is much too slack and absolutely dead to discuss at any length and with much point for these next few days. There is one thing, however, I do really want you to look up before Percy Hutchison's version of "Officer 666" leaves the New, and that is "The Drums of Oude" which is curtain-raising to "Officer 666."

* * *

This sketch I have always thought to be one of the finest dramatic playlets written by any author of any age. I remember it very well indeed at the Playhouse during the first year of the building's existence, when it so completely overshadowed a silly trifle entitled "The Earl of Pawtucket"

NAN. C. HEARNE SINGS A DREAMY RAG.

that one could only sigh over this latter's natural banality, which was, most of the time, hopelessly exaggerated by the brilliance of the curtain-raiser. Don't miss it—you haven't got long, and "Officer 666" has sufficient sound strength of humour not to suffer in the slightest by comparison.

* * *

At the invitation of a famous international theatrical agent I motored to Colchester specially to see a new dramatic sketch at the local Hippodrome. I thought that what was good enough for an agent of renowned acumen to chase after was good enough for me, so I went. I was very much surprised to recognise Mdlle Edné Mollon, who appeared at the Palace some months back in another thriller, entitled "Ma Gosse." The Colchester production, which will doubtless be seen in London soon, follows very carefully Polaire's "Le Visiteur," seen recently at the London Opera House, with the important exception that there is a humorous "fake" ending, which gives some slight improvement on the original.

* * *

Have you ever seen a single violinist, unaided by stage effects of any sort, take seven recalls at an average popular London music-hall? It would have taxed my credulity to the utmost had I not seen it, but Alfredo, at the Chiswick Empire last week, actually accomplished this. He is quite unique! His violin is a different instrument entirely in capacity for weird effect—I do not mean, of course, classical musical ability—from any other instrument at all. Look out for him and admire the novelty of his wonderful rag-time numbers. Fancy novelty in rag-time! but it is true my friends.

* *

Still another child artist whose show is so daintily pretty that it will bear a little criticism. May I ask little Miss Mimi Crawford, or her managers, not to stick so closely to Elise Craven's business and sets, as was the case at Chelsea Palace last week. Her abilities are sufficiently well-defined to warrant originality of material. I hope these notes will be accepted in as kindly spirit as intended. I should hate to discourage a really promising act. They're rare enough!

ALFREDO, THE VAGABOND VIOLI[N]

* * *

I have noticed that there is a strong tendency in provinces to sandwich variety turns in between the f[ilms] the best cinema theatres to such an extent these days it appears to portend the development of a new class entertainment that, I believe, would very well repay attention from an enterprising circuit. Let's wait and like Mr. Asquith and the liver pills!

* * *

As a horseman of mediocre ability I am convinced that granted a long tour, nothing can prevent a really first-class accident of solid spectacular worth occurring in the Cowboy revue "Cheyenne Days," at present on Stoll circuit. There is an ánimal described as "The Outlaw Horse," which bucks in an astonishingly efficient manner, and dangerously near the footlights. I believe there is a limit to the possibilities

"CHEYENNE DAYS" AT THE CHISWICK EMPIRE ARE EVI[DENTLY] RATHER O.T.

horse-training, and this particular gee I believe genuinely get a trifle out of hand sometimes through excitement. It is a superb and wonderful display of mastership, very cleverly written into a fair revue, as hall revues go!

W. R.

PRINCESS PAULINE BORGHESE.

# Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

## No. 14.

## THE LOVERS AND HUSBANDS OF PRINCESS PAULINE BORGHESE, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF NAPOLEON'S SISTERS.

In the days when the "Man of the Ages" was pursuing the even tenor of his way as a little Captain of Artillery, with no other distinction than a certain arresting type of countenance, and a keenness in his profession which was then unusual in the French Army, his sisters, Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte lived in Marseilles on the top floor of a tenement in the Rue Vacon, near the Cannebiére. They hadn't much to boast of in the way of chattels, but they had good health, sound digestions, no regrets, and hearts full of the hope of brighter days to come. That they would be the sisters of the greatest Emperor the world has known was not, of course, even so much as a dream. What dreams they had were of a very ordinary type, if they are to be judged by their actions, and there have been few women in the world so completely the slaves of the human emotions as the sisters of Napoleon the Great.

Of the three daughters of old Madame Mère the most beautiful was undoubtedly Pauline. Anyway she was certainly her mother's pet, and the good dame was ready to wink at any indiscretion upon the part of her second daughter so long as the child was happy. Pauline Bonaparte had one of the most extraordinary careers known to the history of rash women, and she began young! Pauline Bonaparte was but fifteen years old when she had her first serious love affair. She was a scatterbrain and flirt whose only idea of life was to listen to compliments poured into her ear, and the man who told the tale best got the most. Nothing, however, mattered to Pauline Bonaparte. She was one of those (happily rare) women who from infancy are the complete victims of their cravings. The considerations which govern the actions of ordinary nice girls never entered her head. The Bonaparte girls were running wild in the streets of Marseilles in those days, and having "evenings-out" with the sailors, free from convention or restraint. And there was no dapper on the boulevards of Marseilles more popular with the ladies of the port than Pauline Bonaparte.

### The First Serious Passion of Pauline Bonaparte.

But one day the tide of little Pauline's life was changed. There appeared in Marseilles a new figure—the figure of a very smart, well-dressed, dapper young man, with a Parisian air and a captivating manner, which went straight to Pauline's [illegible] upon the young man, whose name was Frèron, [illegible] Bonaparte with a letter of introduction from [illegible]. Pauline's heart was seen "all of a flutter." Monsieur Frèron was equally smitten. He was still quite young, but [illegible] rule to Pauline a very remarkable personage. [illegible] commanding abilities and to his being a godson [illegible] to had become a member of the Convention [illegible] started a journal called the *Orateur du Peuple*, [illegible] acquired a reputation as the handsomest of the beaux [illegible] revolu[illegible] and the chief of the *jeunes dorés*. Times [illegible] a change, however, and the brilliant journalist [illegible], deserted by the Council of the Five Hundred, had [illegible] position in the Convention, and by way of compensation [illegible] Government had made him its Commissary in Marseilles. [illegible] did Pauline Bonaparte set eyes upon him than [illegible] transported to a heaven of her own creation.

[illegible] Madame Mère offered no objection to the advances of Monsieur Frèron, and so Pauline took him to her heart with all the unbridled frankness of the average girl of fifteen, and as Joseph Turquan naively tells us in his account of Napoleon's sisters, [illegible] was very soon "as good as married!" The love of [illegible] and Pauline was a *grande passion* of the most fervid and [illegible]antic character. It was absolutely sincere and complete on both sides, and had it been allowed to come to its natural [illegible]ruition the history of Europe might to-day have been very different. The love-letters of Pauline Bonaparte and M. Frèron have survived to this day, and they express in beautiful language the most ecstatic sentiments of ideal lovers.

### Pauline Bonaparte in Her First Love.

"I have not answered your letter of the day before yesterday, because I wanted to talk to you of it," she wrote. "My love is your surety for my answer. Yes, I swear, dear Stanislas, never to love any other than you. No one shares my heart: it is wholly yours. Who could offer opposition to the union of two souls who only seek happiness, and find it in loving one another? You know how I worship you. Neither Mamma, or anyone else in the world, shall come between us. It is not possible for Paulette to live apart from her adored Stanislas. I love you for ever—most passionately, my beautiful god, my adorable one—I love you, love you, love you!"

Later on, Pauline wrote to Frèron, "I thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending me your hair. I will likewise send you some of mine, but not like Laura's. For Laura and Petrarch, whom you are always talking of, were not as happy as we are. Petrarch was constant, but Laura—. No, darling, Paulette will love you as much as Petrarch loved Laura. Adieu, Stanislas, dear friend, I embrace you as I love you!" And again, "You know my sensibility, and you know how I idolise you. No, it is not possible that Paulette can live separated from her darling Stanislas. Lucien has shewn me your letter. Oh, how I have kissed that letter! How I have pressed it against my heart, against my bosom!"

### Another Romance Nipped in the Bud!

But the course of true love was not destined to run smoothly. Frèron was now madly in love with Pauline, and determined to marry her at the earliest moment. So he wrote to Napoleon for his blessing and sanction, as the head of the family. But the Little Corporal was no longer an obscure officer of artillery! He was the General of a Brigade—with a glorious future before him. And he turned a cold ear to the supplication of the poor Commissary of Marseilles. It mattered nothing to him that his pretty sister had compromised her honour with the man she loved. Pauline stormed, and threatened to poison herself, but her brother merely smiled. In the meantime another romance had to be nipped in the bud. Napoleon's own aide-de-camp, a young fellow of brilliance, named Junot, had fallen a slave to Pauline's charms, and he was urgently pursuing Napoleon for his sanction to his marriage. "No," replied Napoleon, "you have nothing! She has nothing. And what is twice nothing?"

### Napoleon Determines to get Pauline Married.

So poor Junot went off to Italy with a sore at his heart. But Pauline was not long left to mourn the loss of Monsieur Frèron. Franco was now ringing with the name of Bonaparte, and the Liberator of Italy was esconced in the castle of Monbello, near Naples. Thither he sent for his mother and sisters, and having dressed them in purple and fine linen, they found themselves at once ladies of rank and fashion. In the meantime disappointment had but served to render even more brilliant the beauty of Pauline. Her glorious dark eyes were the bewilderment of all who beheld them, and her raven-black hair waved about her face in shining rolls. She had a skin of dazzling whiteness, though on her cheeks lay a freshness which bespoke a spirit as full of fire as her heart was full of love. Pauline was still in her teens, and though Napoleon tried hard to make his sister a prim young lady of exalted position, her habit of practical joking, "making faces" at people when they were not looking, and nudging gen-

tlemen with her knees under the table, made it absolutely necessary for Napoleon to get her married at once. But, strange to say, the future Conqueror of Europe found this a task that nearly baffled him.

Napoleon first selected one of his own best soldiers, General Marmont, for the honour of becoming his brother-in-law. Marmont was a handsome man, well born and rich, and with much of Napoleon's own military genius. But the General would have none of the Corsican beauty. Politely, but firmly, he refused to take upon himself the responsibility for all the silly things that he know Pauline would be guilty of before she arrived at years of discretion. General Marmont regarded little Pauline as "a handful!" And he proved to be right. He told Napoleon that he had long dreamed of a wife, but one whom he could love, and who would love him whilst life lasted. He felt that Pauline would fall very far short of these ideals, and so he respectfully declined the honour of her hand. Years later, when a brother General was breaking his heart over Pauline's naughty "goings on," General Marmont used to thank his God that he had had the courage to risk offending the mighty Napoleon rather than be rendered miserable for the rest of his life.

## Napoleon Smiles Again.

Napoleon must have felt that his amorous little sister was likely to prove the toughest nut he had ever had to crack. For, so anxious was he to get her married, that he took a step which is little short of amazing. In the old days in Marseilles he had had a great friend, one Monsieur Permon, who had died leaving a widow and a son. Napoleon now offered to marry Madame Permon himself, if she would persuade her son to marry Pauline. A magnificent future was held out as a bait to M. Permon, but, with all the glory of being rich as a Rothschild, and a man of mark in France, he declined to go through it with Pauline. Napoleon was now in despair. Marry Pauline he must, and so another effort must be made. Then it was that he went to General Leclerc, who, though only a rich miller's son, was already an Adjutant-General of the army in Italy, and still only twenty-six. General Leclerc wanted no bait held out to *him*. He no sooner clapped eyes upon the wayward sister of Napoleon than he fell headlong in love, and there and then asked her to marry him. At last Napoleon smiled again. The marriage was hurried on, and the young couple went off for a honeymoon, and before it was over the gay young General had already discovered that his wife was as amorous as a cat, and as untameable as a tigress. And so she remained to the end!

## The Troubled General Dies in Santo Domingo.

Napoleon, who knew his sister very well, decided that though she was married she would bring him no luck, so an excuse for an expedition to Santo Domingo offering itself, he placed General Leclerc in command, and packed him and his wife off to that then fever-stricken island to struggle through the campaign as best they could. Napoleon insisted upon his sister going with her husband, and though she stormed and called down curses upon everybody, Napoleon had her strapped in a chair, and carried aboard the vessel which was to take them to Santo Domingo, and then breathed a genuine sigh of relief. Bad luck followed General Leclerc's expedition. The General himself got cholera and died (a happy release!), and the natives completely triumph over Napoleon's men. Pauline, not a bit sobered, came home, though she shed bucketfulls of tears over her lost husband, and cut off her hair and bound it round his embalmed head before its interment in a cedar-wood coffin. Then she returned to Paris, and looked round for another husband! She soon found him, for her brother was at the very zenith of his greatness. And the new spouse was, in point of birth, "a great match." He was not only a strikingly handsome fellow, but a Prince of the ancient House of Borghese, and one of the richest men in Europe.

## Pauline Bonaparte in Her Greatness.

Within a few weeks the giddy head that but a few years before caught the eyes of all the boulevardiers of Marseilles in a cheap hat which had cost four sous, now shone beneath a crown made of the finest diamonds in Europe. At the top of the stairs Princess Pauline Borghese queened it as perfectly as any daughter of a hundred kings. Her brother, now an Emperor, made her Princess of Guastalla in her own right. The world was at her feet; she patronised real royalties with undisguised delight; no woman in the world walked her palace clad in so many brilliants; all the great artists were begging her to be their model, and all the poets and musicians were singing of her lustre. But there was still one kink in Pauline's happiness. Her husband, the proud Borghese, treated her with undisguised ridicule, and she hated him for it. To set eyes upon her Italian spouse was sufficient to spoil her whole day, and though she tried hard to be rid of him, her brother insisted upon her keeping her "marriage vows." But, in all other respects, Pauline was the happiest woman in the world. Her capacity for self-flattery was great, it is true, but there was nothing in the world which she had not got—save love!

For years Princess Pauline Borghese continued to play a queenly rôle in the capitals of Europe, with two gigantic negroes always behind her chair, wearing huge ostrich feather headdresses, and lending immense importance to their semi-Royal mistress. And when the downfall came, and Napoleon, broken and a captive of the hated English, was sent to Elba, it was the light-hearted Pauline, who had been such a thorn in Napoleon's flesh, who sorrowed most for her brother's sufferings. Often as he had denounced her, she loved him "best of all." So well did she love him that she scarcely survived his end, for within two years of the passing of the Man of the Ages, Pauline Borghese herself went out with the tide, in the very fulness of her youth and beauty.

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Next Week:

THE HUSBANDS AND LOVERS OF THE FAMOUS LOLA MONTEZ.

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## JOKES COMPETITION.

The Editor offers a prize of 10s. each week to the reader who sends the Best Joke *suitable for illustration*. Original and topical jokes will, of course, stand the best chance, but a really good chestnut which has not been out for an airing lately will also be in the running. The current issue may be consulted for an idea of the kind of thing we want. The Competition will be judged at noon on Wednesday in each week, and late arrivals will be included among the competitors of the succeeding week. Envelopes or postcards must be marked "Joke Competition," and addressed to the Editor, *Modern Life*, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

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# MODERN SPORT
## FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Two years ago it was Private Clifford, of the Royal Canadian Grenadiers, Toronto, who annexed the King's Prize at Bisley, the twenty-six year old cabinet-maker scoring 319 points. This year another Canadian won the big money prize of £250, together with the N.R.A. gold medal

the N.R.A. gold badge. Private W. Hawkins, of the Toronto Highlanders, is twenty-nine years old, a Canadian-born man, and a surveyor by profession. The curious thing about this particular shottist is that he was not originally chosen to represent Canada at Bisley, but was picked as a reserve, or "waiting man." One of the representatives wearing the maple leaf, however, dropped out, and this was Hawkins's chance, and he has used the opportunity to good purpose. It is the fourth time that the honour has been won by a Canadian, Private Hayhurst leading the way, after a tie with Private Boyd, of the 3rd Lanard, in 1895. The second occasion was in 1904. In 1907 Lieutenant Addison, of Australia, was the winner, so that Colonial shots have been to the fore.

It is a proud day for the winner of the King's Prize, and he has to submit to the customary chairing, being carried round camp to the music of a full band. Waving a branch of maple tree in response to the acclamations of the spectators, Private Hawkins, after having his rifle put to the official test, was carried to the umbrella tent for the prize distribution. It was not till the 1,000 yards range was reached that the Canadian was thought to be the ultimate winner, and until Ommundsen fired his seventh shot at the 600 range he was leading. Sergeant Ommundsen was a previous King's Prize winner, and during the 1913 meeting had already won the silver and bronze medals. Hawkins had never taken part in the Bisley shooting before, and indeed he only took up shooting some half-dozen years ago. It was Sergeant Fenby, of the 5th Royal Warwicks, who seemed to be "pushing" Ommundsen, and the challenger passed Ommundsen, Fenby finishing ahead of Ommundsen amid extraordinary excitement; but the Canadian had two shots to go, and if he could obtain eight points, there was a win for him. Two inners would answer the purpose, and Hawkins had a "magpie" signalled as the result of his first shot, and a "bull" was necessary with his last shot. Taking no particular aim, but unmoved, he fired quickly, and the necessary five points signalled the Canadian winner.

Private L. P. Carr, of the Civil Service Rifles, who finished 9th in the King's Hundred, and Lieutenant Robinson, of the Rhodesian Rifles, who was twenty-seventh, created intense enthusiasm with some extraordinary shooting, just before the King's winner had been announced, and the pity was that neither competitor was sufficiently high prior to commencing the last stage, so that their remarkable shooting could not have caused a sensation. Lieutenant Robinson started with three bulls, and two misses then preceded ten consecutive bulls. Private Carr, who was alongside Robinson, with three bulls, and two misses, then proceeded ten consecutive bulls.

In view of the fact that the King's Prize was again won by a representative from over-seas, it is worth noting that the hundred contained seven Canadians, nine Australians, and representatives from South Africa, India and New Zealand. British sport is enveloped in Imperialistic ideas, and the International element naturally adds to the enthusiasm which has characterised recent sport in the British Isles.

The King and Queen received some attention from the visitors at Kennington Oval during their Royal progress to Denmark Hill. The spectators who were placed high up, on seeing Their Majesties driving past, raised a right loyal cheer. Cricket was progressing as happily as it possibly could, with Worcestershire making runs in the pleasantest manner. W. B. Burns, who during the season had previously done the hat trick and scored a century, and young Chester, who has been startling his confreres with centuries, practically prevented Surrey from beating the side. Chester is something approaching a marvel. He was almost a child when Alec. Hearne used to visit Bushey, in Hertfordshire, as a coach to a private gentleman there. Chester took to cricket, and almost begged Alec. to let him go into the nets. He proved a very apt pupil, and when Harry Foster wanted a decent sort of bowler for Worcestershire, he approached Hearne, and the old Kent pro. said that Chester would prove a second Woolley. It is said that Chester's father has been somewhat associated with Worcestershire cricket, and the son was taken under the wing of the Worcestershire county. Run-getting has been an easy matter during the fine weather, but at the time of writing there have been few performances to equal the triumphant stand between Lieutenant Abercrombie and Brown for Hampshire against Essex. Essex made a pretty bad mistake in making the Southerners follow on. The pair put on 325 runs for the seventh wicket, which is the third best stand for that wicket on record. On the same ground at Leyton, in 1902, Ranjitsinhji and Newham put on 314 for the seventh wicket, and at Chiswick Park in 1887 K. J. Key and Phillipson remained together while 340 runs were added. The only occasion when Hampshire have made a bigger wicket stand was against poor Somersetshire, in 1895, at Taunton. That year Captain Wynyard and Poore added 411 for the sixth wicket. The sailor officer is distinctly a find for Hampshire, for his three centuries in five matches must naturally appeal to many. Army men have usually been doing well for Hants, and it must be a source of gratification to the Navy that the all-round sportsman has done so well this year. The Hon. L. Tennyson and the professional bowler Jaques, have made very successful appearances also.

Among the first six bowlers in the average table are to be found five who have had something to do with the Colonies and cricket. Basil Melle, of course, is the Oxford Blue, and he received his blue in almost record time. He was a fresher

and had only played in five trial matches before being one of the chosen. Melle should be a great asset to Oxford. Let it not be forgotten that he has won the quarter-mile Western Province championship, and he is a wing three-quarter of renown in his own country. J. C. White, of Somersetshire, is second on the list, but his Colonial experience is yet to come. Blythe has toured Australia and South Africa; Thompson has been in both countries, and New Zealand; Woolley has visited South Africa and Australia, and so has Bert Relf.

"Charley" Blythe reached his 2,000th wicket when playing against Middlesex, while Jack Hearne, twelve years his senior, has taken over 3,000 wickets. Hearne is a wonder. Here is a man 46 years of age, and on and on he goes mowing down his opponents as though he had just arrived at the twenty-five stage. Talking of Blythe and Hearne recalls the names of Hirst and Rhodes, for those two famous bowlers of the North have accounted for over 5,000 victims between them.

Hirst has temporarily been left out of the Yorkshire team. Well, he cannot very well go on for ever! It was alleged that he was done for some seasons ago, and yet he bobs up serenely. Had Hirst been disabled sooner in the season his absence would have had a big effect upon the position of Yorkshire in Championship table. There is not much hope for Yorkshire retaining the championship, seeing that Kent have such a good lead. Northants are third, so the most recent champions are all in a heap. Northants have suffered greatly from the loss of G. A. T. Vials, whose knee has assumed a very serious stage. It seems that the Northants' captain has been suffering very much in the same way with his knee as Maddocks, the well-known Welsh Rugby footballer. He had to have his cartilage removed, and Dr. T. J. Pryce Jenkins, another Old Welsh international, was so successful with the operation that Maddocks was able to turn out on the football field again, and was playing for the London Welsh last season. For some time now Dr. Pryce Jenkins has been a great favourite with athletes who have required professional and surgical attention—footballers, cricketers and athletes.

Reference is made above to the debut of the Hon. Arthur Hallam Tennyson. Following his splendid 117 against Essex he has made another three-figure innings against Notts. Here is another Service man assisting Hampshire, and one's mind must travel along the long, long list of Service men who have done duty for Hants. The Hon. Tennyson is a grandson of the poet, being son of Baron Tennyson. He was at Eton, and there enjoyed the reputation of being a hard-hitting batsman. He is a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards. Military cricket enshrouds the county cricket of Hampshire, and some of the most notable cricketers in English cricket have been associated with the Southerners. What memories the names of Poore, Wynyard and Greig bring up!

And so another Davis Cup competition has been decided! Ever since early in June, when Australia played America in America, and France met Germany in Germay, interest in the competition has not subsided in the slightest degree. Lawn tennis in England has had one of the biggest fillips given to it which could possibly be imagined. There is no disguising the fact that lawn tennis has grown, and it will grow. The tendency nowadays is to choose those games which will give the maximum amount of exercise with a minimum of trouble. Cricketers have to wait for a certain number to get together before a match can be played, yet there were days when single wicket cricket was most popular. Take golf as another sport where, two getting together, the game can be indulged in all day long. Golfers can play in any sort of weather, and lawn tennis devotees are able to be independent of the state of the elements because so much of the game is played under cover.

When John Cecil Parke, the Irish international Rugby player, and the upholder of British lawn tennis, beat Norman Brookes in Australia last year, there was a tendency to look upon the success as a fluke. Since he beat McLoughlin, everybody has said that C. P. Dixon was not exaggerating matters one bit when he went into ecstacies over his colleague's play in the Island Continent. It was expected that McLoughlin would win both of his matches against England, that England would win the doubles, and that Dixon would be the one upon whom the resting place of the Davis Cup would depend. Parke won his match against McLoughlin, and then came the feeling that the British Isles would retain the cup. But what a fall there was in the doubles! Roper Barrett was not himself. He tried to play some special game for the occasion. He carried strategy and finesse to an unnatural extent. Had he played his normal game no doubt the doubles would have gone to England. As it was, the British pair were within an ace of winning, but McLoughlin's harder play and Hackett's generalship pulled the match out of the fire, and gave America the advantage. McLoughlin had matters much his own way against C. P. Dixon. Parke beat Williams in the final singles, but this victory gave the British Isles only two matches out of the five, and thus America regained the Davis Cup, which was lost to the British Isles in 1903 in America, when the Dohertys were in such fine form.

The Davis Cup was presented by Mr. Dwight Davis to the United States National Lawn Tennis Association in 1899 for the encouragement of International lawn tennis. It was first competed for in 1900, and since then the challenge round has been played in the country of the holders.

Some really crack flying is promised at Hendon to-day (Monday), weather permitting, by the American aviator, Mr. G. W. Beatty. He flies a biplane of the Wright type, built by himself, and the exhibition he gives of "banking" at an angle of 85 degrees on this machine are really worth seeing. Other events are a bomb-dropping competition, a cross-country flight, and a grand speed handicap for the Mappin and Webb trophy.


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# THE GAMBLING INSTINCT.

This journal, as readers are aware, purports to deal with modern life in all its branches—those branches at any rate which concern the amusements and recreations of the people, for we do not seek to instruct—and thus it is quite in order that we should have a word to say upon gambling in one of its most popular forms. In its wisdom the legislature of this country has seen fit to put severe restrictions upon betting, on horse races, and the police in many parts of the country expend more time and energy in harassing the little betting price bookmaker than in suppressing or preventing more serious crime. That, however, is a side issue.

The effect of all this legislation—and more is pending—has been to increase the popularity of sweepstakes. Here again the legislature has interfered and made it impossible for the promoter of a sweep to carry on business on British soil. The immediate consequence was an enormous rise in the running of veiled sweepstakes by weekly newspapers, under the very thin disguise of "skill competitions," and once again legislation has been introduced to put a stop to this particular manifestation of the gambling passion. And so the game goes on—and doubtless *will* go on, for all the legislation in the world will not eradicate the gambling instinct from the human breast, though it may, indeed, render difficult the gratification of that instinct.

From the public point of view the driving-out from the British Isles of sweepstakes promoters has been unfortunate in more ways than one, but especially because it has afforded a glorious opening for fraudulent tricksters who have, from their vantage ground across the Channel, been able to carry on their refarious games unchecked and unpunished. In too many cases the public have not had a run for their money. The sweepstake promoter was only a "welsher" in another guise. Of course, the unco' guid will say that he deserves them right, but as we believe that people *will* gamble and will try their luck in sweepstakes we consider that we are doing the public—our public—a good turn by encouraging out a sweepstake promoter who does carry out his operations "on the square," who conducts his business in an absolutely fair way, and honestly pays out what he undertakes to pay.

A few days ago our Editor was in Switzerland and took the opportunity of being present at the drawing for the Stewards' Sweepstakes promoted by Mr. H. Diamond at Lucerne. A description of the proceedings may be of interest.

Assembled in a large room were a number of prominent Swiss journalists, representative of the sporting and topical Press. To them was confided the whole control of the draw. Mr. Diamond and his staff were present merely as onlookers and participants. The actual ticket slips torn from the books which were on sale almost everywhere in this country had been folded and deposited in a huge cylinder, or wheel, turned by a handle and having two doors, which were opened alternately when tickets were to be withdrawn. A small brass lottery wheel contained, in small metal tubes with screwed tops, the names of the fifty-three horses to be entered in the race. Two small Swiss girls, neither of whom could speak anything but German, did the actual drawing, after the two wheels had been locked and vigorously turned. Before drawing a slip from the large wheel one girl handed it to a Press representative who read out the number, name and address, which were noted down. From the small wheel the other child extracted one of the metal tubes, unscrewed it and took out the typewritten slip giving the horse's name, which was noted down alongside the name and address read out. This process continued until the 53 horses had been drawn, the two wheels being repeatedly revolved so that every ticket had a fair chance. A further twenty-five tickets drawn from the large wheel one by one provided the names of those entitled to a week's free holiday in Berne. A similar process gave the 100 entitled to £1 each, the 100 entitled to 10s., and the 2,000 holders entitled to 5s. each, the only difference being that in these instances, for obvious reasons, only the numbers and series letters of the tickets were noted by the officiating journalists.

From his experience of the manner in which the draw was conducted the Editor is satisfied that Mr. Diamond's sweepstakes are absolutely fair and straightforward, and readers may feel sure that if they buy tickets they will have a straight run for their money.

Of course we have not the slightest connection with Mr. Diamond. We admit his advertisement to our columns because we are convinced he is straight and honest. Our only desire is to save readers who like to speculate from time to time with "wrong 'uns," and the best way to do that is to take a "right 'un."

HUBBY: "If you had been a sensible woman, my dear, you would have had your blouse buttoned in front. Fancy having to get on a stool specially for a blouse!"
WIFE: "If you had been a sensible man, you would have taken a course of instruction from Arthur Girvan and had no need to use a stool."


# LET ME INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT

The marvellous success of my system of increasing the height has aroused more interest than any other recent development of the science of Physical Culture.

That I can do what I claim is proved by the testimony of those who have had my course of instruction. My lessons are given entirely by post, and the diagrams accompanying each exercise make it very easy to understand and perform the movements.

Why not give the matter your serious consideration? You want a fine muscular development, and you also want height. My system will give you both. Ten minutes each morning and evening spent upon my exercises will increase your height by from two to three inches within three months.

If you were taller you would show to much better advantage. and your prospects in business would be greatly improved.

Interest yourself in the subject, and write to me. It will be worth your while.

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

**ARTHUR GIRVAN,**

*Specialist in the Increase of Height,*

**(Dept. M), 17, Stroud Green Road,**
**LONDON, N.**

# STOCKS AND SHARES.

## BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

News, whether it be good or bad, is having very little effect on markets just now.

* * *

The holiday season has set in and markets are likely to remain very quiet until about the middle of September.

* * *

The Brighton Railway Company is paying at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum on the undivided Ordinary against 2 per cent. a year ago, and giving the Preferred stock 5 per cent. against 4 per cent.

* * *

Other excellent dividend announcements have been made, but stocks have not responded by showing any appreciation in price.

* * *

The only markets where there is any activity at all, and signs of real business being done, are in Oils and Americans.

* * *

Shells and Spies have been the most prominent here, Shells going ahead another quarter and Spies being several shillings better at 23s. 9d.

* * *

On the other hand Premier Pipes have been subject to another bear raid on all sorts of rumours that the dividend is to be passed, etc.

* * *

I candidly cannot see how these rumours can be justified when the reports from time to time clearly show that the profits of this undertaking are much greater and would even justify paying an increased dividend if the Directors thought fit.

* * *

Personally, I would advise readers to take advantage of the opportunity to pick up the shares at the much cheaper price ruling, as there is no question about a £1 share carrying 10 per cent. dividend being very cheap at anything like 13s.

* * *

Even Maikop description show some sign of life with Maikop Pipe Line one shilling better at 6s. 9d.

* * *

The American market has been good, with Union Pacifics, Eries, and Steels the favourites.

* * *

Readers who bought Eries at 23 dollars on my advice should now sell at the present price of 29 dollars. All the same, I look that this small-priced stock will go much better, as the Morgan group are interested in this line, and as the net earnings make such excellent showing that the stock is bound to go a good deal higher.

* * *

London and the Continent have been buying Steels on the excellent quarterly Steel statement, but I much prefer seeing my readers deal in Eries for a small-priced stock, or Union Pacifics as the best line in the States.

* * *

Kaffirs have been very despondent owing to the very serious news of the labour crisis. At the time of writing the outlook is more favourable owing to the more sober-minded among the men objecting to the leaders committing them to a ruinous strike.

* * *

Prices all round mining shares have been marked down considerably. Even Simmer Deep can now be purchased at 2s. 6d. and should most certainly be picked up at so nominal a price for these £1 shares.

* * *

Sheba Gold are now quoted at 4s. 6d. to 5s. x.d., and are most certainly worth securing at anywhere round about par.

* * *

Ashanti Gold Fields are the one good thing among West Africans, and Rayfields, Kaffi, or Northern Bauchis Prefs. among Nigerian Tin.

* * *

Brazil Traction at about 87 x.d. are a cheap speculative industrial investment.

The earnings of this huge combine continue to grow, the stock is worth picking up at present price.

* * *

Grand Trunk Third Prefs. are again on the increase good buying from the right quarter.

* * *

George Newnes, Ltd., have announced an increased dividend for the past year; the year's profits at £[illegible] being double that of the previous twelvemonth.

* * *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a member of the Stock Exchange to any reader wishing to invest or speculate.

ORTHOS.

* * *

## BRIEF REPLIES.

W. J. S. (Wales).—Do not sell your Way Halim Rubber Shares; they stand at a merely nominal price, and although the company is not paying a dividend, it is just about paying its way, and should do better.

J. R. T. (Oldham).—Sheba Gold are fully paid 5s. shares, and are quoted at 4s. 6d. to 5s. x.d. They are worth purchasing. Owing to the Rand trouble, all mining shares are now quoted much lower. Simmer Deep can be obtained at about 2s. 6d. The company is not paying a dividend, but the profits for the current year average about £[illegible] per month, and as it only requires about £45,000 to pay the debenture interest, it should leave an available profit of about £40,000 for dividend on the ordinary shares, unless the directors agree to use the profits for redeeming debentures. These shares a year or two ago stood at about 10s., and as they are £1 shares, the present price is purely a nominal one, and with better times the price should considerably improve. I am sending the name and address of a stockbroker by post.

J. G. H. (Croydon).—I do not suppose there will be much movement from a speculative point of view during next month, and I would advise you not to deal in any of the shares you mention until September.

**THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.**

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Clerks: Revolution in bookkeeping; the marvellous Rapid lessons will teach you how to keep any set of books without assistance, in one month, with perfect accuracy. Send postcard for illustrated pamphlet.—Secretary, Holborn Hall College, London. Telephone, 6,111.

For increase of Height see Arthur Girvan's announcement, page 331.

# RACING.

## BY "OLD HAND."

Mr. Joseph Lowry, who died recently at his home, Bachelor's Lodge, Co. Meath, in his seventy-fourth year, was one of the best known men on the Irish turf. He bred Bachelor's Button, the only horse to lower Pretty Polly's colours in this country, and later bred the three own-brothers, Bachelor's Double, Bachelor's Hope and Bachelor's Wedding. Mr. Joseph Lowry's son, Mr. A. Lowry, has several horses in training in this country, under the charge of "Atty" Persse.

Danny Maher, when interviewed on the question of lengthening the leathers, stated that a jockey riding with the proper length with a short stirrup has twice the power of a jockey riding in the old style. This is also the opinion of most of the leading riders in this country and on the Continent.

It does not look as though Mr. Sol. Joel's eight-year-old Poor Boy will carry off a Stewards' Cup. He has competed for the trophy upon six occasions, finishing second in 1908, fourth in 1909, second in 1910, fifth in 1911, second last season, and occupied a similar position last Tuesday. As Poor Boy is in fine trim Mr. Sol. Joel's horse should shortly credit his wealthy owner with a handicap.

Lieutenant Egan, an Austrian, recently performed a great feat. He rode the winner of a steeplechase at Magdeburg and then aeroplaned a distance of 80 miles to Grunewald, where he steered another winner. When will a similar feat take place in this country?

Plenty of racing is down for decision this week—Sandown Park, Birmingham, Ripon and Hooton Park taking place on Monday. The last-named meeting is under N.H. rules. On Tuesday we have Brighton, Birmingham and Ripon. The Brighton fixture also lasts over Wednesday and Thursday. Lewes, Haydock Park and Ayr finish off the week on Friday and Saturday.

The North Surrey Handicap will be decided on Monday at Sandown Park, where some capital sport will be provided for the holiday makers. The Policeman is set to shoulder 9s. 2lb., but I shall expect C. Halsey's charge to do better later, especially as he has not been seen in public this year. Wanono, Shell, Bowman and Washing Day all ran in the Goodwood Plate, and the running there provides a good line to their chances here. Himan is a very useful animal under both codes, but he was easily beaten by Grave Greek at Manchester in May, but as the latter has 14lb. the worst of the weights now, a closer finish should be witnessed. Grave Greek finished a creditable third to The Tylt and Wilfrid in the "Pitman's Derby," and looks like running very prominently here. Dallington, who is an erstwhile stable companion to Sir C. Nugent's colt, has proved successful in three of his last five races. At Leicester recently he was eased out of a position when Sailaway won easily. I do not fancy Poet Laureate, and Bachelor's Luck is not likely to be seen out. Singapore is penalised for his Hurst Park victory, and even with the extra 7lb. Sir R. Garton's colt should not be left out of calculations. Sir Oracle suffered a head beating from Queen Ena at Hurst, and was considerably fancied upon that occasion. Gotham and Cavalry do not greatly appeal to my fancy, and Ballycarron will do better when ridden by a stronger jockey than the weights permit here. For the probable winner I take

GRAVE GREEK.

On the concluding day at Birmingham the principal race is the Birmingham Handicap. An acceptance of eleven has been made. The top weight, Hamerton, got badly off when sixth to Kerman at Liverpool last week, with Belted Earl fifth. Sir B. Sheffield's candidate ran second to Torchbearer at Pontefract last month, carrying the steadier of 9st. 12lbs., and I shall expect a good display from him here. Prince San has done nothing of note this season, a remark which also applies to Donnithorne, who, however, is certain to be placed to win before the season is over. Burnous has a victory to his credit at Thirsk in May, but has done little since. Scarlet Runner performed moderately at the recent Liverpool meeting. Of Mr. Reid Walker's pair, Belted Earl and Belford, I like the former most. Of the remainder Monard won at Bibury Club in July, and was well supported when unplaced at Leicester since. In attempting to predict the winner I shall go for

HAMERTON.

My other selections are:


# The Winner of £1,000

**The Editor of "JOHN BULL" on Feb. 1st, stated:—**

"We have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that from beginning to end each sweep promoted by him is absolutely straight, square, and above-board."

**The "MIRROR OF LIFE" on June 7th, stated:—**

"We can certify as to the equitable way in which they are carried out, and of their fairness in every particular of Mr. H. Diamond's sweepstakes."

## The Winner of £200

Louvois, second in the Derby, was drawn by Mr. C. M. Davies, Whitby House, Priory Hill, Milford Haven. The £200 second prize was sent to him by registered letter on the Monday after the race.

**Mr. R. P. WEEKS,**
50, Bailey Street,
Brynmawr, Brecon, South Wales,
drew "Aboyeur" in our Derby Sweep, and the first prize of £1,000 was sent to him by registered letter on the Monday after the race. The despatch of the money was supervised by the special correspondent of "John Bull."

## The Winner of £100

"Great Sport" was drawn by Mr. H. Farley, c/o W. A. Mutlow, Box 96, Post Office, Waterville, Quebec, Canada, and the third prize of £100 was despatched to him by registered letter on Monday, June 9th, in the form of a draft on the Royal Bank of Canada, made payable in Quebec.

**H. DIAMOND** LUCERNE SWITZERLAND
Letter Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

SANDOWN PARK—Monday.
Lubbock Handicap: Quantock.
Lammas Plate: Kingsborough.

BIRMINGHAM—Monday.
Ruckley Plate: St. Columb.
Aston Handicap: Rear Admiral.

Tuesday.
August Plate: Curvet.
Sutton Handicap: MacMerry.

RIPON—Monday.
Great St. Wilfrid Handicap: Sun Cloud.
Yorkshire Handicap: Bridal Song.

Tuesday.
Ripon City Plate: Sailaway.
Grand Stand Handicap: Lall.

BRIGHTON—Tuesday.
Brighton Stakes: Mordred.
Marine Plate: Dalys.

Wednesday.
Berwick Handicap: Entebbe.
Brighton Cup: Fairy King.

Thursday.
Brookside Plate: St. Mario.
Southdown Plate: Agadir.

LEWES—Friday.
Club Open Welter: Ebonette.
Selling Handicap: Razel.

Saturday.
Maiden T.Y.O. Plate: Mirfield filly.
Three-Year-Old Handicap: Rockley.

HAYDOCK PARK—Friday.
Gerard Plate: Cressingham.
Bryn Handicap: Tobique.

Saturday.
Two-Year-Old Plate: Loch Carrig.
Grand Stand Handicap: Bellringer.

AYR—Friday.
Kyle Plate: Glenim.
Montrose Handicap: Short Grass.

Saturday.
Trial Plate: Galbanum.
Stand Handicap: Ormette.


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# HE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

e from Deal, having spent a few days at Folke- and Dover en route. There is a cold north-east owing, and plenty of it. There are over twenty s in the Roads, and Deal is crowded with shivering y-looking visitors.

* * *

ume the weather authorities will shortly tire of of punishment of unoffending holiday-makers, sooner the better.

* * *

prevailing style of men's wear in these localities be white boots with red-rubber soles, white flannel worn turned up, light tweed jacket and vest, and ously coloured soft felt hats, with brims adjusted en types of angles, according to the wearer's fancy, always suitable to his type of beauty.

* * *

eal, deep sea fishing is a recognised pastime, and is ered for by the local boatmen. I presume it is to tell you what is correct wear for an amateur en. I do so with pleasure.

* * *

the oldest, best worn, and warmest suit you have sea bait, sea water, and a possible catch of a conger ggling about the boat and over you, are more to the above-mentioned suit, than to your latest ac-

* * *

l reader writes me for advice as to the correct or a bridegroom, whether it would be permissible a morning coat instead of a frock coat, mentioning is of somewhat spare build; whether he can avoid ather boots, which he dislikes; what kind of gloves to wear.

* * *

lied to him by post, as his happy nuptial day will e before this issue of *Modern Life* is in the hands pectant public.

* * *

dvice to him was to wear a morning coat, a vest ite slip, smart ordinary leather boots, well polished, so painfully new that the very soles shine, a light thin silk for tie to make up smart and neat, gloves, to carry a suède pair in light shade.

* * *

derlined the word "carry." Actually wearing the looks more formal and generally uncomfortable necessary for even this solemn occasion of ap- pledgment of troth before clergymen and

* * *

fact of the matter is that "negligé" is the prevailing men's dress to-day. The formal and stiff is quite date.

* * *

stance, I saw a man recently attending a very wedding, titled people as common as blackberries, ore his trousers turned up at the bottoms, as if he ing a walk in a muddy lane in Devonshire.

* * *

his occasion also the bridegroom showed no signs of gloves, much less wearing them.

* * *

ur piece of advice to my happy friend in Hull is should go away on his honeymoon in a moderately of clothes, and with an old portmanteau.

* * *

asion has sufficient embarrassments without ad- the happy facts by excessive spic and spanness or luggage.

---

was fixing his motor-car.

," asked a bystander.

was the laconic answer.

power car is it?"

horse," came the answer.

seems to be the matter with it?"

from the way she acts I should say that thirty-nine ties were dead."


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**Rubber Heels & Tips**

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has been formed to secure a large following of interested readers, who will co-operate with us in extending the sale of *Modern Life*, so that this cleverly illustrated, witty and bright penny weekly shall be read by the people in every town and village of the Kingdom.

The yearly subscription to the League is sixpence.

**Readers wishing to become members should fill in the form below and enclose a P.O. for sixpence, together with a stamped addressed envelope.**

Each member will receive a card of membership bearing a registered number and will be entitled to participate in any of the benefits enumerated below.

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Name .....

Address .....

In cases where members have been introduced, fill in below name and registered number of the member.

M..... Registered No. .....

*Modern Life* has already become an unqualified success and the circulation continues to grow by many thousands of copies each week.

This success is in a great measure due to the untiring efforts of our League members in introducing the paper to their friends and securing fresh members to the League. We want all new members to join in this good work, for which we will suitably reward them.

We have now completed arrangements whereby benefits which will appeal to all will be extended to *Modern Life* League members, and we shall continue to add to this list from time to time so as to make the League indispensable to all readers of this cleverly illustrated weekly that deals with Modern Life in all its phases.

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